



PROCESH FLOATS

Now that Procesh is getting under way, anyone interested in entering a float is advised to start building it soon. All materials are going to be made available if they are needed, and there will be the usual prize for the best float although this year the organisers are determined to make sure that there is a certain standard maintained - no last minute efforts this time. Floats can be registered at the Studass office.

IT'S NOT DEMOCRACY. BUT IT WORKS.

For the first time in its 18 month existence, the S.R.C., voice of "true democracy" (every student entitled to attend and vote) has been deliberately stacked and misinformed for the discussion of a serious question and the reversal of a previous policy.

After the incredible damage, bills, poor organization and public relations shambles of 1970 Capping, the S.R.C. in 1970 decided overwhelmingly at a large meeting (approx. 400

present) that "Procesh" should be no longer held. A different kind of Capping was envisaged with stunts, concerts, and community work taking a far larger role. Margaret Bryson was appointed Social Controller to organize this new "Capping Week."

Early this year the Law and Commerce rumblings started. Despite the fact that an opinion poll of 2000 students taken last year showed a majority opposed to "Procesh" these brave souls decided that it was what the majority of students wanted. The pro-Procesh group was lucky enough to have as one of its members Richard Moore, the Secretary of the Association. It was simplicity itself for Richard not to post the agenda of the S.R.C. meeting with the "Procesh" motion on the noticeboard until the night before the meeting. It was still easier for him to get permission to speak to all first year law students informing them of their duty to come to the meeting. And, after all, there was no onus on him to tell any of the people involved in the planning of the new-style 1971 Capping that the matter was to be discussed. The

Secretary should have notice several days before, but the Social Controller can hear by accident of the topic for the meeting on the day of the meeting, too late for her or any of her assistants to attend and explain the "other side". And the general student population need never know until the meeting is over. So "Procesh" was restored.

But more than that was done. Remember the Social Controller had not resigned. That did not prevent the S.R.C. from appointing a "Capping Convenor" to organize not just "Procesh" (which the motion solely concerned) but also stunts, Drinking Horns and the Capping Ball. Luckily enough, when she heard of this the Social Controller confirmed her resignation-ejection in writing. She did, however, write a brief letter to the President of the Association expressing concern, not with the decision reached, but with the methods employed. Executive discussed it briefly, but typically, took no action. It doesn't really matter whether we have a "Procesh" or not. Public relations don't matter. But how we organize our Association

affairs when we are continually bitching at the Government, etc., at how they run theirs - that does matter.

The new Social Controller is Graeme Kershaw. If you want to know anything about Capping plans contact him, or John Mowbray (last year's Controller), or Richard Moore. It's a joint effort.

CULTURAL AFFAIRS

S.R.C. this week didn't get a chance to bore people: it was over in ten minutes. The effective result was a newly elected cultural affairs officer, Gil Peterson. Four hours later he was facing a crowd of over 70 officers from the 30 odd cultural clubs in the association as chairman of the Cultural Affairs AGM. He began by announcing his priorities for allocation of funds to individual clubs: he would give precedence to money for fixed assets; there would be none made available for social activities; and money for films visiting speakers, publications etc. would be withheld until a comprehensive budget was presented. The effective result of these is to stop clubs from "having a go" for as much money as they could get. The actual allocation is going to wait a while, probably to see the outcome of Graeme Nesbitt's proposed constitutional amendment that would give Cultural Affairs Committee \$1.20 from every student.

ECOLOGY ACTION.

Ecology Action has organised activity groups. Each group will have its own special sphere of activity.

The Population Control Group is to investigate the optimum population level for New Zealand & methods for maintaining this level, is to forward remits to Parliament, and is to educate on a nation-wide level on problems of population control. (Convenor, Keith de Ridder 757-706.)

Similarly, The Biocide Group is to educate people in the use of chemicals and its investigations of negligent companies are to be followed by all possible means

of action. (Convenor, Dave Kelly, 45-060, ext. 706.)

The Urban Development Group will investigate transport, congestion, housing & location problems in Wellington and environs. (Convenor, Roger Morris, 769-461.) Tahiti Bay sewerage disposal and Wainuiomata river pollution will be the subjects of immediate research by the Water Pollution Group (Convenor Stephen Gale 769565), while the Scenery & Wildlife Preservation Group will tackle a proposed M.O.W. encroachment on a native bush reserve near Silverstream. (Convenor Liz Wilkin 53-074) Both groups will study specific problems in the Wellington area and both see the collection of reliable information on their respective problems as being most important.

The Air Pollution Group like the other groups will investigate and act on controversial local issues. (Convenor, Graham Hardy, 6-040, ext. 659.)

Because of numbers involved it is not possible for people to be permanent members of more than 1 group but they may attend meetings of other groups if they wish.

People interested in joining a group can ring its convenor. Meetings will probably be held weekly.

Liz Wilkin.

COPY

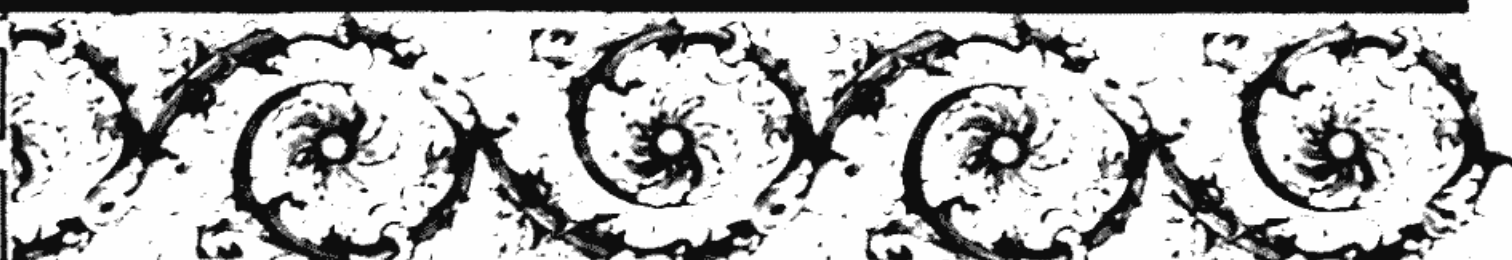
If you have actually endured the news copy this far you're probably wondering why it's so bad. The first reason is that nothing of any great importance has happened this week; the second is that whenever anything does happen there's no-one to report it. We don't have any hang-ups about objectivity: if you have a point of view and want to put it across (in less than 300 words) then these pages are open. (The day is going to come when it isn't going to be worth while writing fillers like this.) If the 6000 students at Victoria are so mindless and stupid that they are incapable of writing anything, then it's likely that they won't want to read anything either.

News Editor.

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THE FRONT PAGE



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RED TAPE STRANGLES TROTSKY



I walked into the Annual General Meeting of the Socialist Club. 50 ardent revolutionaries sat in complete silence, collectively glaring at the floor. In the Chair sat President Niel Wright, resplendent in dark glasses. Shortly after 7.30 the Chairman muttered that the meeting should begin, and introduced his Presidential report. Everyone was told that they'd read it, so there was no need to read it out again. George Rosenberg entered with a hideous metal stemmed pipe clenched between his jaws. The level of consciousness threatened to remain at zero until 7.43, when Owen Gager entered and began interjecting during Russell Johnson's report as acting secretary. As you later mentioned, Owen, your manners are slipping, socialists don't interject each other. Dave Cuthbert was mentioned by

Johnson, "He's a good Trotskyist, isn't he," remarked Gager. After punching the air in a vain effort to inspire enthusiasm Johnson's report ended. Former Secretary, Roger Cruickshank was asked to comment. "The meeting can eat shit." The meeting proceeded to heed this piece of valuable advice.

George Fyson then gave a report on "Red Spark". 1970's one issue was "a little more attractive" and "we sold more copies". Mr. Fyson then proposed abandonment of "Red Spark". George's wife Kay as Business Manager, gave a report on "Red Spark's" Finances. The first walk-out occurred at 8.03, no doubt a silent protest at the turgid bureaucratic bog the meeting had by then become. Niel Wright should be congratulated for managing to drag the meeting out to 2½ hours. Whenever Gager tried to ask a question he was told that it would come up under the next item on the agenda. As a friend of mine remarked Niel was trying to emulate Sir Roy Jack, but not successfully. May Niel Wright never be appointed Professor of English, the whole study of literature at this university would grind to a halt and die of strangulation. Prior to the main business, the election of officers, there was some discussion about the composition of the Club's executive committee. Dave Butcher moved an amendment to Johnson's resolution about setting up a 10 man executive committee, that all members be free to attend and vote at all committee meetings. The Pabloite Socialist Action League members opposed the amendment because the meetings could be "stacked". Owen Gager expounded democratic political theory: if you have 50 people you can have participatory democracy, if you have two million people you need representative democracy. This fine academic point was lost on the Socialist Action League whose bureaucratic lust precluded any consideration of basic political theory. "You

think democracy is too much effort, so does Muldoon", Gager told Johnson. The amendment was won and then Rosenberg suggested another amendment for a 3 man committee: President, Secretary and Treasurer, for the administration of the Club, buying and licking stamps, etc. Rosenberg's amendment was also passed. At this point the political consciousness of the meeting was raised to its highest level by sociologist Keith Locke's comment that "even buying stamps may be a political decision." Never mind Keith, it made everyone laugh, demonstrating that socialists may even have a sense of humour.

The excitement of electing officers followed. For the position of President (from which Super-Bureaucrat Wright was retiring), Guy Salmon was immediately nominated. I didn't know he was a Trotskyist, neither did the Chairman who in his finest decision refused to accept the nomination. George Rosenberg was nominated, declined. Dave Butcher (ultra-Maoist?) was nominated, declined. Finally lady law student Wendy Proffitt was elected unopposed. From this point on, the chairing of the meeting degenerated from confusion into nothing. Obviously the position of Secretary would be hotly contested, after all he licks the stamps. Russell Johnson was nominated. Therese O'Connell was nominated. Niel Wright told us that Therese was seeking peace in the club, suddenly so was Russell, according to Hugh Fyson. But Therese was elected. Two positions filled, two liberated women elected. Next the election of Treasurer. Russell Johnson nominated again. Alison Gray nominated. Revolutionary Wright asked if there was any accountability student to act as Treasurer. Unhappily there was none. Therese said that Alison had had experience with money but everyone became all nice and conciliatory and elected Russell Johnson to buy the stamps.

A resolution was suggested by Johnson supporting the demands of the April 30th Mobilisation. Gager pointed out the sell-out nature of the Anti-War Conference's demands, not for the immediate withdrawal of all troops from S.E. Asia, but just from Indochina. Johnson became confused so George Fyson rushed up to whisper the correct Pabloite line. Finally a compromise motion was adopted; support for the mobilisation, support for a student co-ordinating committee on campus around the slogan of immediate withdrawal of all troops from S.E. Asia. Shortly afterwards the meeting broke up, perhaps the greatest excitement came afterwards, when a rubbish tin caught fire.

Peter Franks.

DEBATING SOCIETY

If the success of the Debating society is to be judged on the attendance at its AGM on Friday March 19th then the society is dipping out. Although last year's attendance figures show that there are more people interested in a debate than sitting through the election of law students that is to precede it, and as far as the law faculty is concerned the Debating Society is nearly as bad as exec thirty-seven is a bit of a crap-out.

The purist would ask, of course, whether or not the purpose of a debate is to entertain? But good, or witty though speakers may be Friday's debate took the form of four verbal prongs thrust into the audience, unrelated and arousing no conflict.

Faculty of law, you'll have to do better than that consider your audience (jury), and the adjudicator (judge). People don't go to a debate to be bored off their heads.

The irony of the dying Debating society is however, that the society commands a bank balance of somewhere around \$2000. Raised to pay the fees of a Victoria debating team to the great USA, it's all sitting there waiting to be divided by the

incoming committee, so if you want the trip, the canteen is there.

The material is shit-hot - some of Friday's speakers were really good, but somehow they were not and are not able to react to other speakers, to bring out a clash of ideas and opinions that is of some value to or at least worthy of the interest of an audience.

Unless you can bring alive that interaction between speakers, Mr. Law Student, your debating society isn't going to last.

LETTER: GILES BROOKER

I was both saddened and disgusted to learn that, after being kept waiting for some weeks at the administration's pleasure, Giles Brooker was finally told that his application for the position of Assistant to the Managing Secretary of the Student Union had been unsuccessful.

Another example of the shitty way in which the powers that be treat those who are prepared to work with them. Without wishing to decry the ability of the successful applicant, Philip Brew, (but let us not forget that he was President of Drama Soc., till last week, and that Byron Buick-Constable, his boss, is Pres. of Unity Theatre) I fail to see how anyone's credentials could have been more acceptable than Giles's. He worked bloody hard for and during Arts Festival, he organized last year's elections efficiently, and virtually single-handedly; organized and ran this year's Orientation Programme, for which he gave up most of his time over the summer vacation. On top of all that, he is well known and popular, completely honest and trustworthy; non-pushy, perhaps that's why the system was able to shoot him in the back, because he believed it would treat him as fairly as he treated it. Well I guess we all get disillusioned, at least the French Dept. gained a full-time honours student. Better luck with your flat-hunting, Giles.

David McLatchie

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE COMMISSIONER OF POLICE, MR SHARPE

Mr Sharpe,
Commissioner of Police,
New Zealand Police Force,
WELLINGTON.

Dear Commissioner Sharpe,

"Justice must not only be done, it must also be seen to be done." This quotation summarizes perhaps one of the most fundamental aspects of the law in this country. It is taken as read by anyone about to have dealings with either the N.Z. Police Force and/or the N.Z. Courts that they will be treated fairly and justly, regardless of their age, sex, income, status, occupation, political, religious or other beliefs.

Reluctantly, I am forced to write to you at this state, in this form, about an incident which I believe to be of serious magnitude. It is a matter which I believe throws seriously into doubt the validity of the beliefs stated in the introductory paragraph. It is a matter which has affected and worried a great many well-meaning and responsible people. Many of these people have approached me and urged that I take this matter up with you. That I have done so - the form of an Open Letter is because I believe the matter is far too serious to go unacknowledged by the community at large.

It concerns the actions of members of the N.Z. Police Force on duty at Waimairi beach, Christchurch, on the afternoon of Saturday March 6.

On the day in question, the New Zealand Surf Lifesaving Association were holding a carnival on Waimairi beach. Also taking part in the carnival was a team from the Republic of South Africa, a team which many believed to have been chosen on racial lines.

Feeling genuinely compromised by the presence in this country of such a racially chosen team, a group of people resolved to demonstrate their opposition to its presence. It was resolved that a demonstration should take place at Waimairi beach on the afternoon of March 6, during the running of the Surf Lifesaving carnival.

The organizers of the demonstration had beforehand had discussions with members of the Police Force. One of the key matters which came out of this discussions was that there was

a feeling that there was a real possibility that trouble could erupt when the demonstrators and spectators met on the beach. We were assured by the Police that as long as we stayed within the area which had been allotted to us, we would be protected at all times. The right of peaceful dissent, it was stated, would be upheld. The meeting between the Police and the demonstration organizers had been cordial, business-like and worthwhile. We each knew where the other stood. Or so we thought.

On arrival at Waimairi beach, a demonstration of about 200 people proceeded to walk directly to their allotted area and sit down. The spectators on the beach then seemed, as a person to turn, and in a horseshoe shape, surround us. About twenty feet separated the demonstrators from the crowd - at least nine or ten deep, and in excess of 1500 people.

For the next fifteen minutes two forms of activity ensued. The demonstrators, still seated, as they were in fact to remain throughout, enacted, in the area which had been set aside for them, a mime depicting the consequences of violation of South African miscegenation laws. At the same time I attempted, with the assistance of a loud speaker, to address the crowd, trying to explain to them why it was we were demonstrating on the beach.

While this was happening the demonstrators became the targets for eggs, sand-bombs, pieces of wood, brandished fists, pies and obscene and provocative language. Any number of demonstrators are prepared to give sworn statements to this effect. They are also prepared to give sworn statements stating that at no stage was there more than five policemen in sight, and that those that were present did little if anything to stop any of the above mentioned missiles being thrown at us. The mood of the crowd was ugly. Several of the demonstrators were genuinely fearful as to their immediate safety. The promised protection had not been delivered.

This situation became so serious that the leaders of the demonstration, seeing that the police were making no real attempt to control the crowd, decided that the demonstration would have to be abandoned. In the words of one of the demonstrating organizers, "I was not prepared to have anyone who turned out in support of a demonstration which I had organized beaten up by the crowd. This is what I considered would have happened had we remained on the beach any longer. I consequently instructed those present that the demonstration was over."

Commissioner Sharpe, I consider that the 'protection' given us by members of your Police Force was pitiful.

Because your force at Waimairi beach was either incapable, or undesirous of controlling the crowd, the democratic right to dissent was severely curtailed. After the demonstration I was confronted time and time again by demonstrators who asked me what on earth the police thought they were doing. To many of them it seemed that had we, the demonstrators, been throwing eggs, pies, pieces of wood, etc., there would have been at least several, if not many (justifiable) arrests. There certainly would have been more than five policemen standing around.

A very serious situation is developing in this country. Commissioner, one which you and the community at large should be aware of. It is a situation which relates back directly to my opening observations. A growing number of people are increasingly coming to believe that members of your Police Force, either on instructions, their own accord or latent prejudice, consider that the rights of demonstrators are not equal to the rights of non-demonstrators. Whether this is, or is not true, I do not know. What I do know, is that this is what appears to be true. And not without justification.

Please realize that the majority of demonstrators do not live for, or even vaguely want a 'stoush up' with the Police. The vast majority of demonstrators are young idealistic, sincere and deeply committed. Unreasonable, unwarranted and indefensible Police activity, such as witnessed at Waimairi, can only but give credibility to those elements which wish to paint your Police Force as being comprised of a bunch of 'fascist pigs'. Stripped of rhetoric, emotional connotations and translated, this phrase simply means that 'the police are with you if you are short-haired, establishment and unquestioning, but against you if you are long-haired, anti-Government and establishment policies and beliefs, and questioning'. Clearly, Waimairi could only but confirm the validity of such extremist cries.

Commissioner Sharpe, on behalf of those demonstrators at Waimairi beach on March 6, I ask you publicly to explain the non-performance of your Police force at Waimairi beach.

Silence on your part can only increase the credibility gap presently existing between the N.Z. Police Force and certain sections of this community.

I look forward to your reply.

Trevor Richards,
National Chairman,
HALT ALL RACIST TOURS

FRITZ AGAIN

It looks like Salient has caused some reaction: last Wednesday Fritz (Levenbach) wandered into the association office and asked to see the complaints book. He then read through them, commenting on some and adding complaints of his own.

His own complaints were about people filling ashtrays with salt and pepper and leaving rubbish behind - "the staff is getting fed up" and about the people responsible for stealing over 360 milk bottles this year. Looks like they're flogging them off at 5c each and if it keeps up Fritz may decide to strictly enforce the terms of his contract and only order two crates of milk a day.

He has made such comments as "absolute rubbish", "certainly not" and even "excellent" (to the complaint "the fat chick in the shop in the main caf refuses to give service unless she receives money in advance.") Well done, Fritz.

LETTER:

ANTIWAR CONFERENCE

For factual distortion and general bias, Alister Taylor's article on the National Antiwar Conference in last week's *Salient* ('How I Won the War') would be hard to beat. Those who attended the conference and saw what a success it was can only wonder how a professed opponent of the war can write material more in line of *N.Z. Truth* than anything else.

Taylor's impressionistic account conveys the idea that the conference was just a big wash-out. Would you say the conference is a wash out when it draws the largest number of people (over 600 registrations) to plan action in the history of the antiwar movement in this country? Would you say it's a wash out when it decides overwhelmingly to hold mass antiwar actions "in as many cities and towns as possible" on April 30? Is it a wash-out when it expresses the highest degree of international solidarity so far in the New Zealand antiwar movement? (Two U.S. speakers, telegrams from North Vietnam, Australia and Canada; April 30 as part of the international offensive against the war occurring around that date) The conference had broader support than anything since the Peace, Power and Politics in Asia conference in 1968 - from churches, unions, the Labour Party (six sponsors were Labour



The Conference

MP's), and from NZUSA and the various campus student bodies. Unlike the PPPA conference, the National Antiwar Conference was decisively action-oriented.

Taylor obviously has a big personal grudge against the whole scene, but his article is notable in that it fails to spell out one single political justification for his views. He confines himself to criticisms on a purely organisational level together with snide references to various individuals and organisations involved in the hard work and planning that went to make the conference the success that it was.

Irrelevant and petty remarks are sprinkled throughout. For Taylor it's a big deal that Patti Iiyama spoke for 40 minutes instead of 10. (Actually, she spoke for 20 minutes instead of 15.) It really seems to matter to a writer who makes no political analysis that Mike Uhl wore a "Coldwater Surf clean Nehru type white jacket."

A photograph of a group of elderly women at the conference bore the caption "Women's Div Federated Farmers?", somehow implying that they shouldn't have been there, when it's all to their credit and that of the conference that they were.

The high school workshop is portrayed in a totally negative light, which doesn't reflect anything more than Taylor's state of mind. A week after the conference no less than sixty Wellington high school students held a meeting to plan how to take the antiwar movement out to their colleagues in every school in the area. This flowed directly from the conference workshop.

Snippets of remarks made by a number of people during the final (decision-making) plenary session are strung together, bearing absolutely no relation to the actual course of the discussion, which Taylor does not bother to report.

After spitting on Barry Mitcalfe, the initiator of the Antiwar Media Project, Taylor comes to the National Liaison Committee, which was set up by a vote of the conference to co-ordinate the work of the various local antiwar coalitions, and produce publicity for national distribution.

What follows is a column of misquotes, false charges and slanders. It amounts to an attack in the traditional red-baiting manner: a certain organisation (the Socialist Action League) is singled out as being subversive, conspiratorial, manipulative. It is allegedly running the whole show, bureaucratically, from behind the scenes, working through its "front" organisations, stooges and even family connections. Implicit in this is an attack on the fundamental democratic rights of this organisation to participate in the antiwar movement.

What are the facts? No such bureaucracy exists in the antiwar movement. There are no privileges and there is the fullest freedom in all decision-making; the principle of non-exclusion of any group or individual opposed to the war has for some time been the operative general rule. This is still the case in the National Liaison Committee, as it was, to the fullest extent, at the conference. This view is supported by the vast majority of those in the antiwar movement.

Last Thursday night the Wellington Committee on

Vietnam held a meeting attended by about 70 people to map out a course of action for the mobilisation in Wellington. Groups are already working or soon will be working in high schools, on the campus, training college, the Labour Party, the unions, and among women. A similar process is under way in Auckland and Christchurch. Antiwar groups are at work in Hamilton, Dunedin, Masterton, Nelson and Palmerston North. The perspective for April 30 is the most encouraging we have ever had.

Instead of degenerating into personality and clique in-fighting, let's all get together and work together, and make April 30 the biggest, most enthusiastic and most powerful action that has ever been undertaken in this country against the Indochina war.

Hugh Fyson.

LETTER: CARRELS

With reference to your report headed "Honours Carrels" I would like to point out that the provision of the fourth floor Seminar Room is not a measure designed to seat graduates at the expense of undergraduates. On the contrary (as I understand the situation), (1) use is now being made of a room which formerly was set aside for purposes other than study; (2) The measure is an experimental one, if the Seminar room is not usefully patronised by graduates, then it will revert to general use.

As a fifth year student I feel I have contributed a fair share towards both Student Association and University building funds et al. I suspect in your reporter's view this entitles me to expect or deserve very little

from the system as he calls it. In his eyes who is entitled (and to what extent) to gain from the system? Presumably the fact that I accept the University system, albeit with sore qualifications, is not an argument in my favour? It is easy to write "Honours Students are not a specially deserving breed;" it would I think be more difficult to justify such. Yet may I ask your reporter to do so? He might find this a more intellectually demanding task than his previous assignment of covering one very small meeting of honours students.

F. Minehan.

Fantasy

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FOUR ISSUES OF

DENIS PHELPS was 1970 secretary of the students' association and is a student representative on the university council and several other bodies. He recently completed a BA in political science and economic history and is currently a sub-editor for the NZBC.

(the exclusions affair)

The first major event of 1970 was the exclusion crisis. Placed by the university council on a committee to formally approve the decisions on student appeals against exclusion Bill Logan claimed the appeals weren't well enough considered and initiated a special meeting of the council to further review them.

For a breathless moment it seemed as if Bill had finally succeeded in igniting student revolt at Victoria. The special meeting of council, moved to a larger room than normal, was attended by perhaps fifty students in all of whose eyes shone a light of hungry expectation as they waited for Bill to perform.

But the university council, or rather a few of its key members, were adept in sidestepping a confrontation. The excluded students got another appeal and some got back in, and the whole question for future years was referred to the venerated joint committee, a delaying process which allowed the rallying of the momentarily shaken established forces of the university.

The result of all this was a disaster for students: they ended the year with tougher exclusion rules than they had begun. Where before students had only to pass two units in any two years of study, now, though the old rule still applies for a student's first two years at university, beyond that students have to pass at least half of the units they take in any two-year period. In addition, council has delegated even its power of final review of exclusion appeals. The professorial board has directed that the rules be applied much more rigidly in future. And the exclusion crisis alienated some good friends for the student reps.

On the other hand the exclusion rules have been made a little bit easier for the student to understand and two students have been brought on to the exclusion review committee, two students who are probably finding the job of hearing final appeals very onerous and considerably embarrassing because of the many who approach them to press for special favours.

Much has been lost and little gained from the exclusions row. The rules would eventually have been tightened up anyway but the student-initiated crisis of 1970 speeded the process and gave faculty and administrators a golden opportunity of not having to make the first move. Ordinary students had suffered heavily from what was essentially only grandstanding by student politicians.

(student representation)

When in 1968 Doug White, with an assist from Bill Logan, launched his campaign for greatly increased student representation on university bodies, I was one of the few students who had some doubts because I didn't think the student representation already existing was being used to anything like the extent it could have been. These doubts had been shaped largely by my having been Salient reporter of executive in 1968. The general incompetence of executive members, their lack of understanding of what was going on in the university, the appalling

uselessness of the regular reports they heard from the then sole student on the university council, suggested to me that increased student representation would mean little. I wasn't opposed to extra representation but merely sceptical of it.

It of course came but at the same time big things were happening within the association and eventually SRC was set up open to all members of the association. And so a vehicle at least existed whereby student representatives could be a lot more responsible to the student body. 1970 saw the first real test of this, with the SRC in operation on a virtually weekly basis throughout the year for the first time and with regular reports by the reps. And with reps being elected by SRC there's no doubt SRC has involved more people in student politics.

We're still surprised by the very small number who do get involved but it's much bigger than it used to be under the old executive system and for this reason I'm not one of the growing number who, unrestrained by knowledge of the past, are talking of abolishing SRC. But even given some usefulness of SRC, it can be greatly doubted whether it has added much to the working of the expanded student representation. The item for reports from representatives on the agenda of every SRC can always be guaranteed to be the duller part of the whole meeting.

Reps give their reports to apathetic audiences more than ninety percent of whom are usually talking to each other and completely ignoring the speaker. Slave though I have been to visions of Athenian democracy reborn at Victoria, I couldn't fail to be embarrassed on many occasions, when, sitting behind the officers table at SRC, I was forced to listen to the steadily diminishing number of earnest student reps struggling to report to a completely uncaring meeting. How can the reps be responsible to student opinion, when despite their best efforts there's no way in which they can know this opinion, if indeed it exists?

Apart from this however there's the lack of students interested in becoming representatives. The low status of the job, its onerousness in a busy life of study, the fact that virtually no-one cares, no doubt all contribute to this, though one must always avoid seduction by the amusing radical idea that interest in politics is normal and/or good. We accept specialisation in everything else so why should we think everyone should be involved in politics?

Given this though it must still be acknowledged that we have too few willing to become student reps and hardly any at all who are any good at it. And the situation seems to be deteriorating. Student representation will of course never be popular with radical or activist groups. It is much easier to maintain one's political ideas if unsullied by facts. The notable reluctance of some would-be activist leaders to get on university committees is perhaps a sign they realise that even they would not be able to resist becoming involved in the "establishment's" way of looking at things.

A good example in 1970 was the student who after being a furious leader of the anti-Levenbach campaign couldn't be persuaded to take a position on the catering committee. This didn't however stop him continuing to abuse student reps for accepting inevitable increases in food prices. He wouldn't have of course been able to maintain his self-righteous position had he been himself involved and so privy to the incontrovertible facts.

The reality of this weakening of political resolve by involvement is I think understood by both establishment and anti-establishment. Both know that if activists can be co-opted they'll no longer be activist. And of course one side is trying to get them in and the other is trying to stay out.

What of students' role when they do get on university committees? What part can they play? Well, as I've written elsewhere, student reps are treated differently from other committee members. They are constantly referred to as "the student representatives" while other members are simply referred to by their names. Yet it is constantly impressed on the students that they aren't delegates and must give their first loyalty to the committee. When reps have suggested they are responsible to SRC or even to students generally, other members of the committee invariably assume a grave tone.

Condescension towards student reps is distinct and at times verges on patronisation. But when students make a "nuisance" of themselves they are quickly isolated. When I reported the university council in 1968 there was one "quiet" student rep and while I was present there wasn't a single division. Now we have two less-than-quiet student reps and there are many votes but all-too-often the students are in a minority of two or three.

So there is noise and issues are often discussed very fully but little is apparently accomplished. I say apparently for there is no doubt the administrators have often been embarrassed by probing by the student reps and as a result can be expected to be more careful in backgrounding the issues they are presenting for consideration. So rubber-stamping is diminishing.

Student reps have also acted as a channel of communication between administration and students, particularly the student "leadership" group. Thus they have served to reduce the chances of polarising conflict. And will continue to do so as long as students have confidence in their reps, a confidence which will often have to take a lot on trust because there are many matters which have to remain confidential.

On the other hand student reps can be dangerous; their action, sometimes born of frustration, sometimes from personal ambition, can be inimical to the best interests of students. The exclusions affairs was the classic example of this.

On balance, student representation can be useful but not very useful. Issues can be defused if troublemakers can be involved. Troublemakers will however probably be wise enough (in their own lights) to avoid involvement. Those who want to find issues with which to bring confrontation are still around and the issues will be found. Only exceptionally adept administrators can stop Victoria following in the footsteps of many universities overseas.

(Salient)

SALIENT 1970 attained under David Harcourt a remarkably high level of production quality and went a long way to becoming a professional newspaper. But do we want a professional newspaper? Not only did SALIENT become to a large extent a digest of overseas magazine material but it published little news. It was losing the nature of a newspaper and losing the nature of a student production.

It all depends on one's conception of what a student newspaper should be. To my mind it should contribute to the growth of community among students and within the university generally. It should report what is happening and it should tell people a lot of what they SHOULD know. This may seem arrogant but is after all what we students prescribe for the world. If the daily newspapers, for example, gave their readers what they want they'd be nearly full of sport, with a fair dollop of crime and fashion.

The professionalisation of SALIENT's technical production has been proceeding for some time. The



1970

D. PHELPS

move to offset printing in 1968 put more of the technical work into the hands of students. And this tendency has increased with the acquisition of the IBM typesetting input machine. The consequences of this professionalisation both on the technical side and on the editorial side as represented by the regime of David Harcourt, apart from increasing the margin for disaster and making it harder to keep the paper weekly, would eventually be to make SALIENT no longer a student newspaper in any sense except that it had some sort of administrative link with VUWSA.

I think this would be a great pity not only because it must inevitably destroy any contribution the newspaper can make to the development of the university and to improved communications within the university but it would deprive students of a variety of rewarding jobs in helping to produce the paper. David Harcourt in 1970 went overboard on this. Not only did he make SALIENT something like an antipodean version of the "Observer", he treated his unpaid staff of students as though working for the paper was a privilege.

For these reasons the Harcourt model for SALIENT must be rejected despite all the good things that can be said about the final production and its wide popularity. David was the heaviest cross the 1970 executive had to bear. His rages, and abuse of executive members even during meetings, were often intolerable. Despite all this it can be said without a shadow of doubt that personal feelings entered not at all into the decision which at the start of the third term meant a parting of the ways both for David and for the executive.

In his All Black tour issue David named a particular cop as having punched and kicked demonstrators at Wellington airport on the morning of the departure of the All Blacks for South Africa. The policeman threatened to sue the association, a suit which could have cost ten thousand dollars or more. Though exec first supported fighting the case, against legal advice, it became painfully obvious, in the light of much new photographic evidence, that the suit couldn't for a moment have been defended.

Therefore we decided to apologise to the policeman and David Harcourt resigned. Evidence had little effect on the more hotheaded and so, on 25 September, the executive faced the second no-confidence motion of the year. The first such motion in July was merely devised to try to pressure exec out of taking disciplinary action against a particular student and, because those concerned had no case they could admit to, the whole thing collapsed in farce at the meeting. This time the result would be different, foregone, and in fact anticipated by all members of executive when the decision was made to apologise. The five who had voted for the apology were thrown out.

Being expected the no-confidence motion had little impact. What was a bitter pill to swallow however was the certainty in the minds of at least some of us that more than one of the executive members who remained in fact supported the apology but voted the other way to stay in office.

(executive and the fee)

1970 was the first year of the new eight-man executive and it worked well with considerable economies and faster decision-making. The first elected woman president, Margaret Bryson, proved to be a poor administrator, inconsistent, given to making promises beyond our collective energies, easily swayed by the vaguely-threatening pressures which all exec members have to face, and having no ability whatever as a leader. To be fair to Margaret, she had

claimed in her election manifesto that she wasn't going to be a leader, and in reality was happy to surrender that role throughout the year, largely to Bill Logan.

In the area of public relations however Margaret was outstanding. The darling of the service organisations and the media, she did a lot to make some sort of student voice heard. Margaret also lasted right through the year as chairman of SRC, no mean feat. There are few people, I think, who could survive the constant exposure of this new presidential role and it remains to be seen if Margaret's successor can do so. I was never under any illusion that Colin Knox or myself could have survived it. With our strong opinions we would soon have alienated virtually everyone. But Margaret was a great success here because of her very flexibility and her casually humorous attitude towards the whole thing.

The 1970 executive at last applied the students association's accumulated funds to union development. During the year over forty thousand dollars was spent or promised to the union. Improvements range from the new 35mm projectors and electronic switchboard in the memorial theatre, to the redecoration of the theatre and gym, to the new lighting and heating systems in the gym, and to a major gym extension and new ski slope which are still to be built.

The exec fought off pressures from Margaret Bryson to spend a large chunk of accumulated funds on the purchase of old houses in the vicinity of the university. It was my opinion, and remains so in the light of further proposals from Graeme Collins this year, that the student accommodation problem is far too big to be affected by buying one or two old houses.

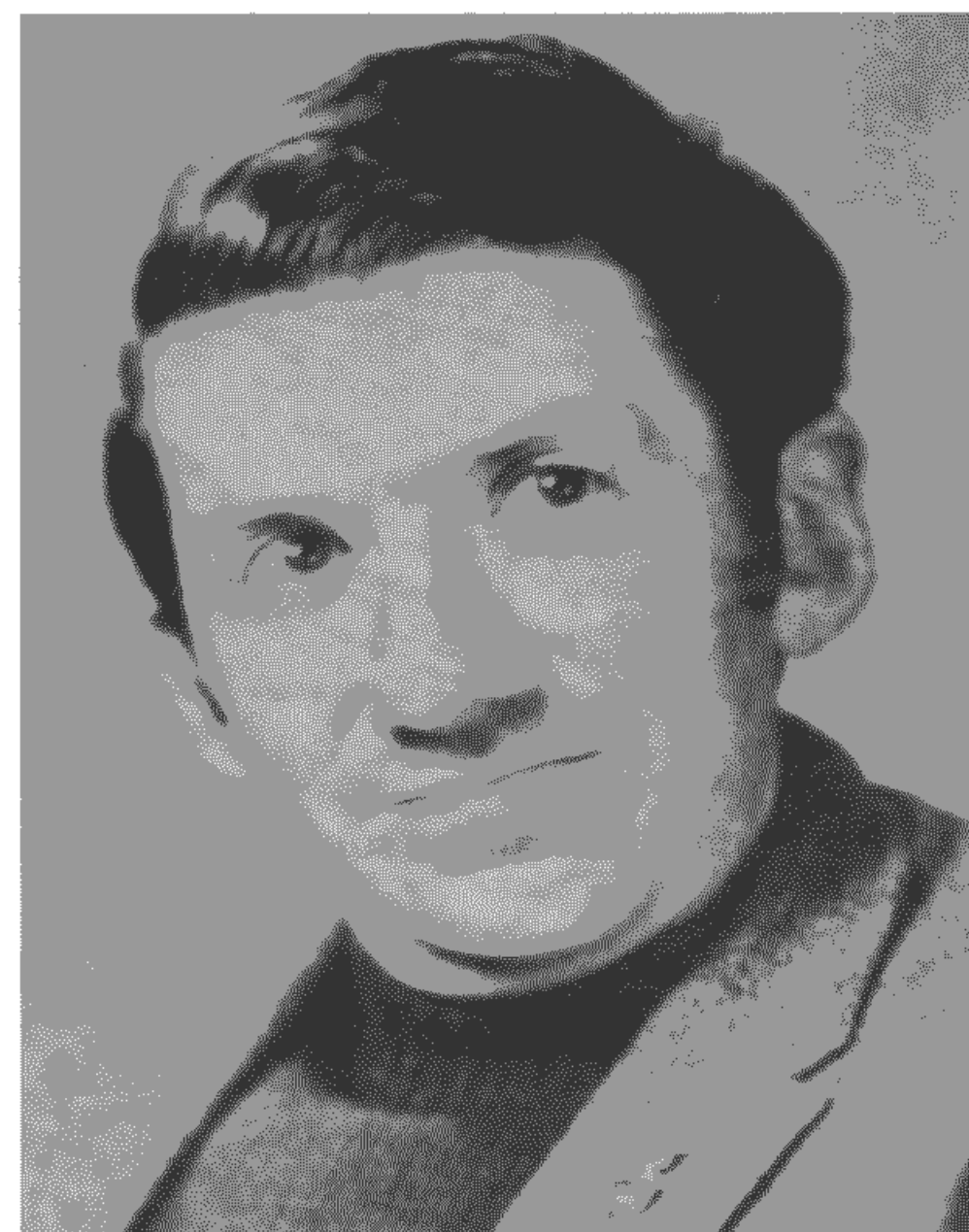
Such a programme may not even be lighting a candle because the properties have usually been in use as student accommodation anyway. So there'd be no gain in the total of accommodation available for the tying up of a huge part of students' collective savings, money which is desperately needed for the expansion of the union.

At the moment no expansion of dining space in the union is planned before the construction of the second union building which won't begin before 1978. By the time that building is ready the student roll could be up from six thousand to ten thousand and, with constant useage of the dining facilities, the squalor and crowding towards the end of this decade will have to be seen to be believed.

One thing that has worried me about my time on exec was our inability to control rapidly-rising operational spending in the students association itself. Spending on cultural affairs and sport was deliberately increased last year by executive but a far bigger hole was knocked in the association's general account by something over which we had no control whatever.

This was the burgeoning expenditure of the national organisation which in a space of six months decided to more than double its per capita levy on students, now standing at a dollar per head (of the previous year's roll). This of course is apart from the levies for the sports union and the arts council of NZUSA which together bring the annual payment by Victoria to about nine thousand dollars.

The Victoria account finally went into the red last year, against budgeted expectations, simply because nzusa decided, against legal advice, to fight a lawsuit they had no hope of winning. They of course lost the suit and VUWSA had to pay up an extra \$1600 as their contribution towards the total of damages and legal costs. This highlights the position of NZUSA in relation to Victoria.



Spencer Digby

Victoria by being a member of the national body has handed it a blank cheque. We've no control over its spending but are responsible for that spending! If tomorrow they decided to blow a hundred thousand dollars then we couldn't possibly avoid paying a share of it proportionate to our student numbers (in the region of twenty percent).

The percapita levy was raised to a dollar last year by unconstitutional means and against heated opposition from the Victoria delegates. Someone has said that the power to tax is the power to destroy. Well NZUSA certainly has the power to destroy Victoria and there's not a damn thing we can do about it short of pulling out!

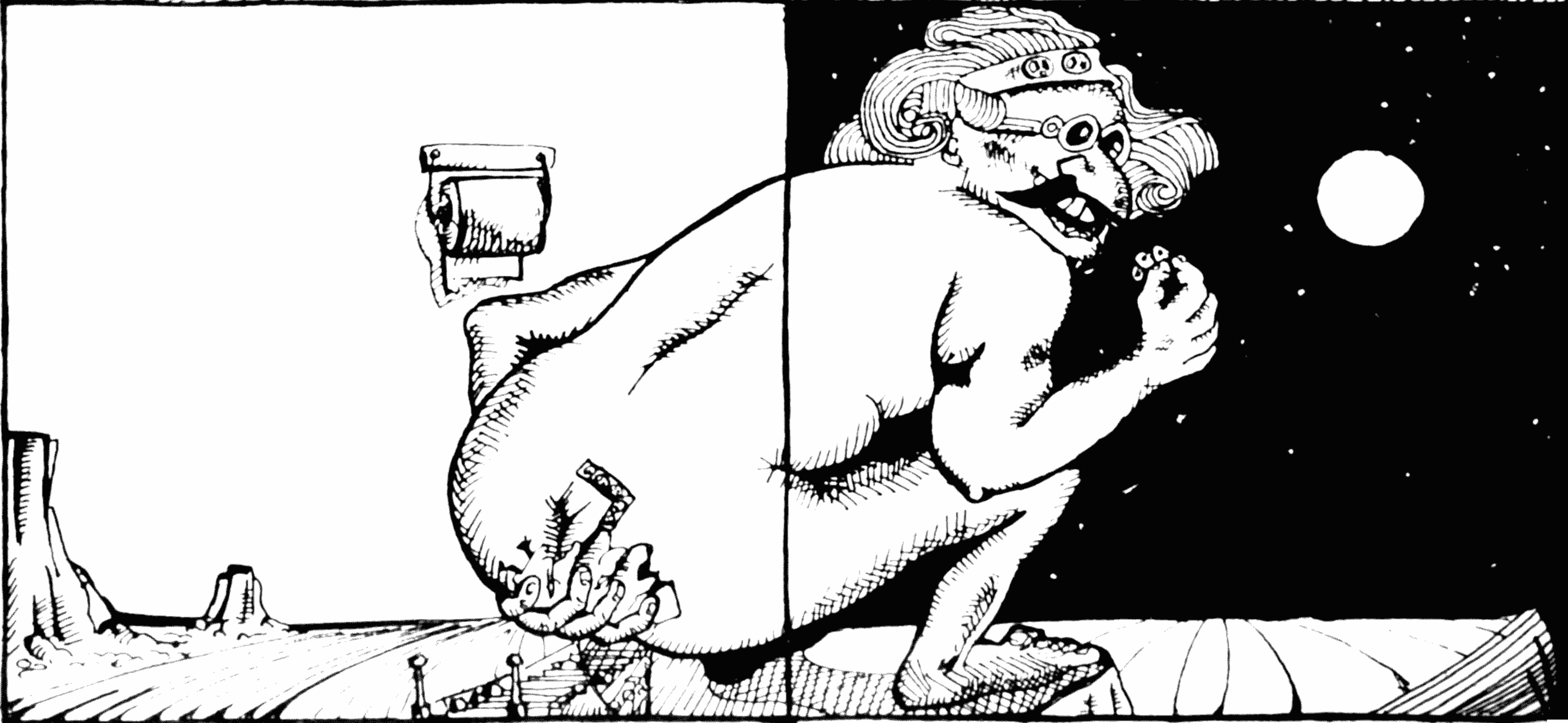
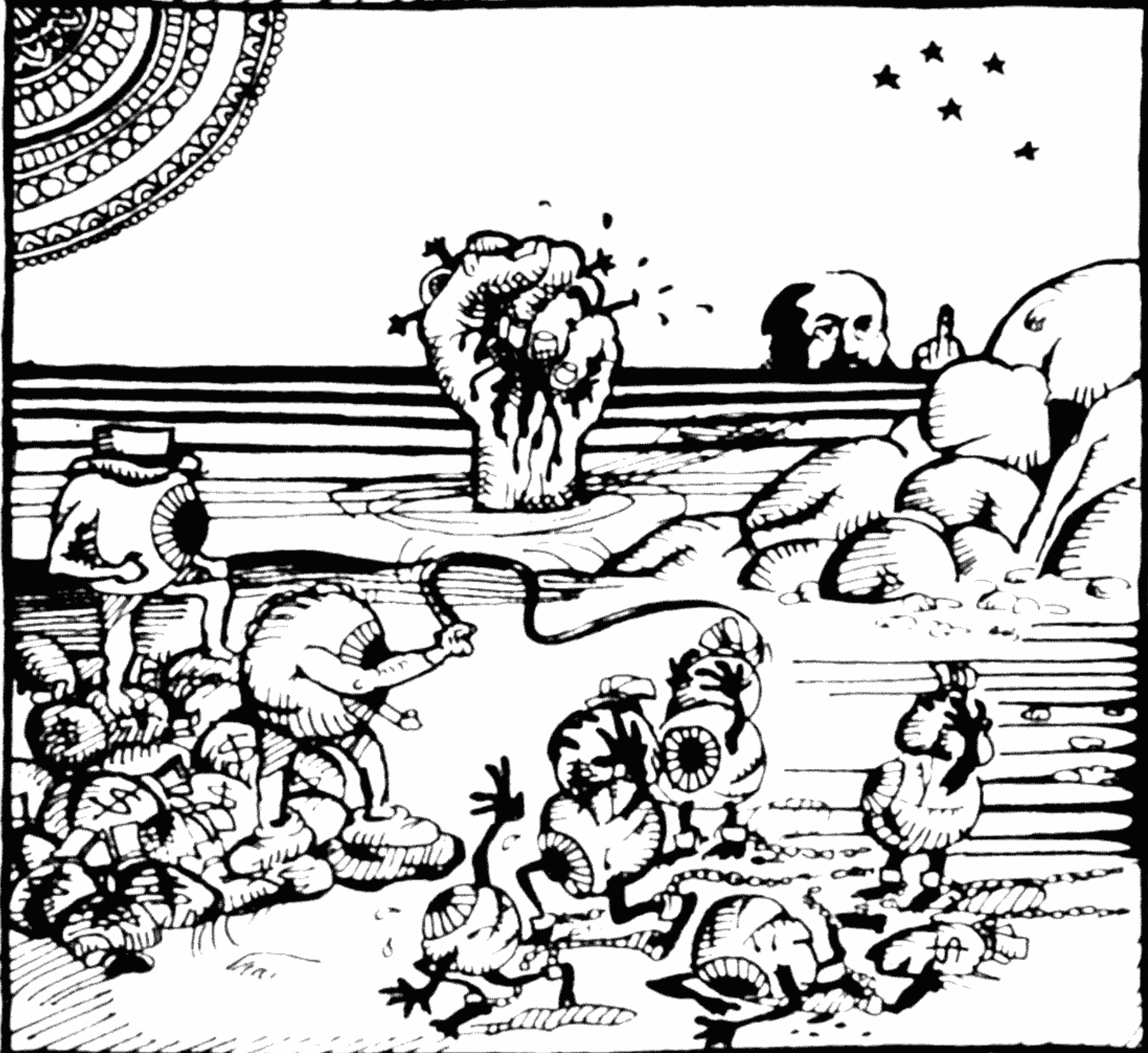
At the students association AGM yesterday exec were to propose a raise in the association fee from \$19 to \$24. Three of the five extra dollars would be for the union and I cannot see how this can be avoided. There's no fat in the union budget, that's known to me anyway, and the long-term building fund must be built up. Moreover the union has recently taken over two major expenses from the association: the cost of public telephones in the union, and the cost of newsheet.

Despite this takeover of some costs by the union, the exec is proposing a hike of two dollars or forty percent, in its levy of students. This is no better than increasing the dosage of an addictive drug whose effect is wearing off. The students association is in a position similar to government in this respect. Faced by an increase in expenditure, it can readily increase its income by a compulsory tax. Most organisations would at least have to look at their expenditure as well.

And there's lots of fat in the students association budget. What other organisation for example would grant thousands of dollars to poorly-organised clubs and maintain no check whatever on how the money was being used?

And what other organisation would belong to a national body with the power to raise its levies through the sky without the consent of its constituents? NZUSA has become a small body of arrogant men many of whom are no longer in what they would regard as the unfortunate position of having to justify what they are spending, because many of them now have a tenuous connection with the universities or no connection at all.

NZUSA is also possibly the most pitifully ineffectual would-be-national-pressure-group in New Zealand. It's time to leave the sinking ship before its financial recklessness drowns us all. I don't say a national student body has no value and Victoria would be wise to continue with the travel scheme, but reform of NZUSA is now so desperate and so impossible to achieve within the present structure, that a new national body must be set up with Victoria leading the way.





WAITANGI

d.clemens

One Friday afternoon, last February, as I was king past Auckland University, (having just arrived the Noon Jet from Wellington), I saw a group of people, including Bill Lee, and I thought to myself: 'What are all these people doing sitting on the path with sleeping bags, blankets, like wandering pies, singing with guitars', and being naturally curious I asked Kathy, the one face I knew, and she replied, 'Ah, we're going to Waitangi'. So I paid my 50, stole an unknowing friend's sleeping bag, boarded on the ramshackle bus (the one that broke down en route to the '70 All Black Demo.) and we were off, at a snail's pace through the Auckland rush hour traffic. On into the darkness. Co-passengers included Dr. Sinclair, who had stood for Raglan in 69, James K. Baxter, assorted P.Y.M.-ers, twenty or so of the Tamatoa Council, and a few other interested parties with anthropological leanings.

The atmosphere on the bus was highly spirited, and very friendly, everyone knew why they were there, (each viewed the Tiriti O Waitangi as a farce) but there was uncertainty as to whether their proposed action would receive the sanction of their elders. Even if this was achieved no-one seemed sure to what type of action should be taken on Waitangi Day. The respect of the Tamatoa Council towards the rulings of the elders cannot be over emphasised, it is a very real issue, and the main reason for calling Te Rapunga Marae, prior to Waitangi Day.

We were greeted with traditional Maori ceremony, and for myself, having never experienced this before, the emphasis on genuine openness and community spirit was intensely moving. Then Dr. Doug. Sinclair, the appointed Chairman of the discussion that followed, conducted mainly in Maori. Even though it came clear after a while that support was forthcoming, the discussion lasted until about 3am. So present were a team of N.Z.B.C. journalists gathering material for a radio documentary (subsequently broadcast), and a conscientious police officer from Whangarei, whose presence was due to a alarm concerning our proposed intentions. It was decided to try and persuade the Anglican Maori Action Group not to perform - so that Waitangi Day could be reduced to speeches by pakehas praising Waitangi Day with platitudinous pomposity. The decision being made, we all slept together on the marae.

Morning was clear and blue-bright. The bus made the final few miles to Waitangi, we were once again greeted in traditional style. What now became overwhelmingly obvious was that we would be unable to dissuade the Concert Party to perform, but were ~~able to hold a meeting~~ that afternoon for those interested. MacIntyre was to attend. Thus it became

necessary to devise another course of action. Over this issue, different attitudes became apparent within the Tamatoa Council itself. Some felt that something militant should be done to draw attention to the issues, but others were unwilling to support action that was outside the legitimate sanction of the law. With these feelings circulating, we made our way up the hill to where the celebrations were to take place, and sat under the Navy Ensign, our numbers swelled by a few more interested people.

The events that followed have been widely misreported. As discussion ensued as to what action was to be taken, most people had their backs to the flagpole, and many were unaware that the Navy Ensign had been lowered. With one person sitting under the flag, another two steadied it from the outside, and tried to set it alight. Reaction from the Tamatoa members was varied - and it was a young Tamatoa lawyer, motivated by his desire to have a legitimate protest, who broke up the attempt. Then two navy officials came trotting up, surveyed the scorched area with dismayed frowns, and rehoisted the Ensign. The attempt to burn the flag was a spontaneous gesture of militancy, almost in desperation that nothing striking enough to spotlight the issues would be done, and that all the talk would be wasted. But the misunderstandings were given a clear airing, with James K. Baxter adding to the reconciliation with an allegory which assigned different parts of the body to the differing viewpoints. The elders were the heart, the university educated lawyers and students were the mind, and the militants the guts. There was little use in having the guts spilled over the ground, the heart and mind needed this element as much as the guts needed the rest of the body - so that Maori opinion could be held and taken notice of.

We trooped back to the marae for lunch with a more united purpose. I was then met by Matt Rata, the Labour M.P. for Northern Maori, who whisked me away to eat with him, Dr. Pat Hohepa, and a N.Z. Herald Reporter. As I had been a staunch little Labour Party member the previous year, I was esteemed the privilege of his patronage and his views. Firstly the inaccuracies in the account he had received of the 'Flag burning' were pointed out, and though he did admit that he considered the Tamatoa Council was sincere in its aims, there was little one could do to lessen his apprehension of them. (Many regard Rata as an 'Uncle Tom'; a Maori who has sold out to the Pakeha Establishment, and reaped status and monetary gain from the system). After drinks at a friend's place, Dr. Hohepa, who had also been at Te Rapunga Marae, showed himself to have a sympathetic understanding of the Tamatoa Council's

views. Other Maori men there Labour Party members, were afraid that any action taken would bring shame on them, (there was little to grumble about really.) Rata remained unconvinced that the holidaying of Waitangi Day was an insulting suggestion, (because of the way its provisions were being abused) and he still supported the idea.

With the evening meal over, the sky began to darken as people began to make their way to the official seating, and around the celebration area. Then it began to rain heavily. The police drew back into more sheltered positions, and the ceremony commenced. As the speeches began, members of the Tamatoa Council began to filter through, and got into the open. During his speech, Dr. Pei Te H. Jones had spoken of the growing frustration of the Maori people towards the failure to apply the spirit of the Tiriti O Waitangi in New Zealand society. The Tamatoa Council's protest was a more active form of expressing this. Dressed in black, and dark colours and draped with green foliage symbolising grief, they were indicating that they felt the signing of the treaty should be mourned rather than celebrated. The police reaction is graphically shown in the sequence of photographs. Whether Muldoon understood Hannal Jackson's breakaway railings at him could not be ascertained, but he got the point sufficiently well to abandon his prepared speech to talk about the right to dissent within the law, before she was led off by uniformed gentlemen.

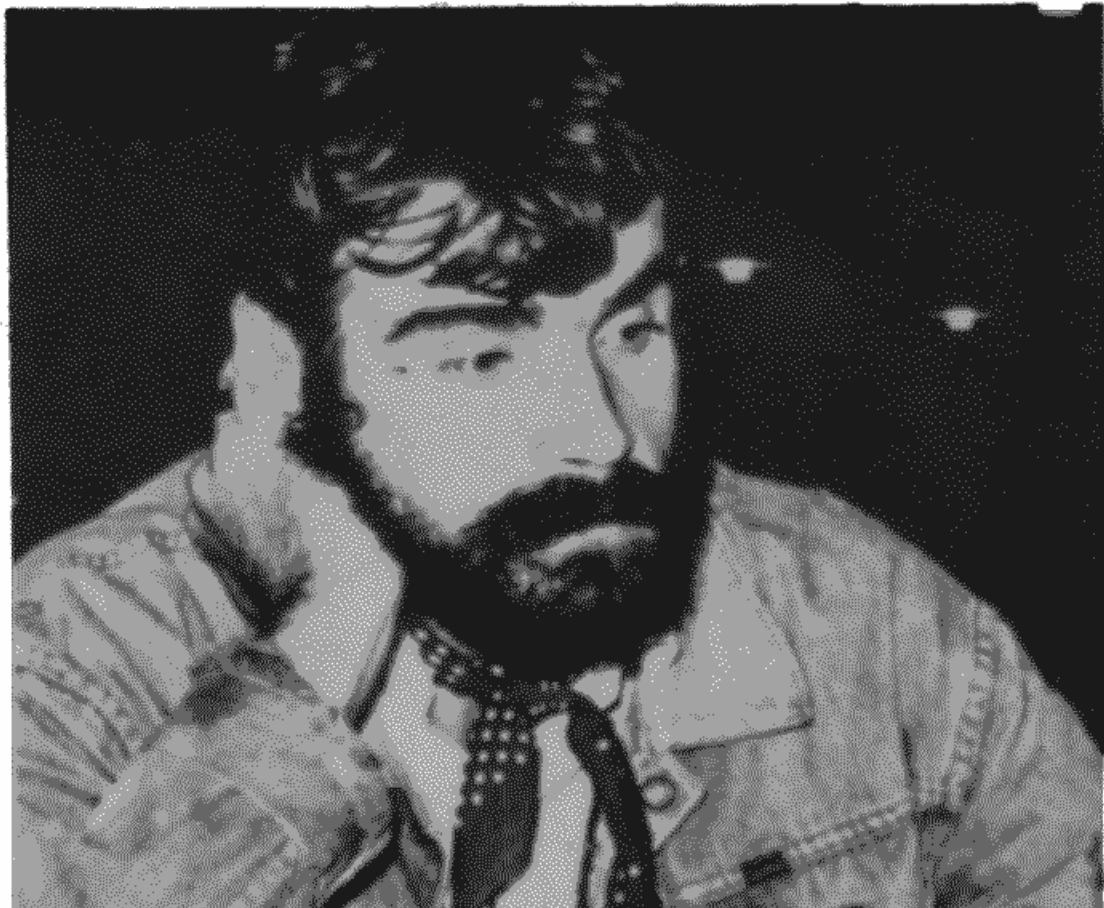
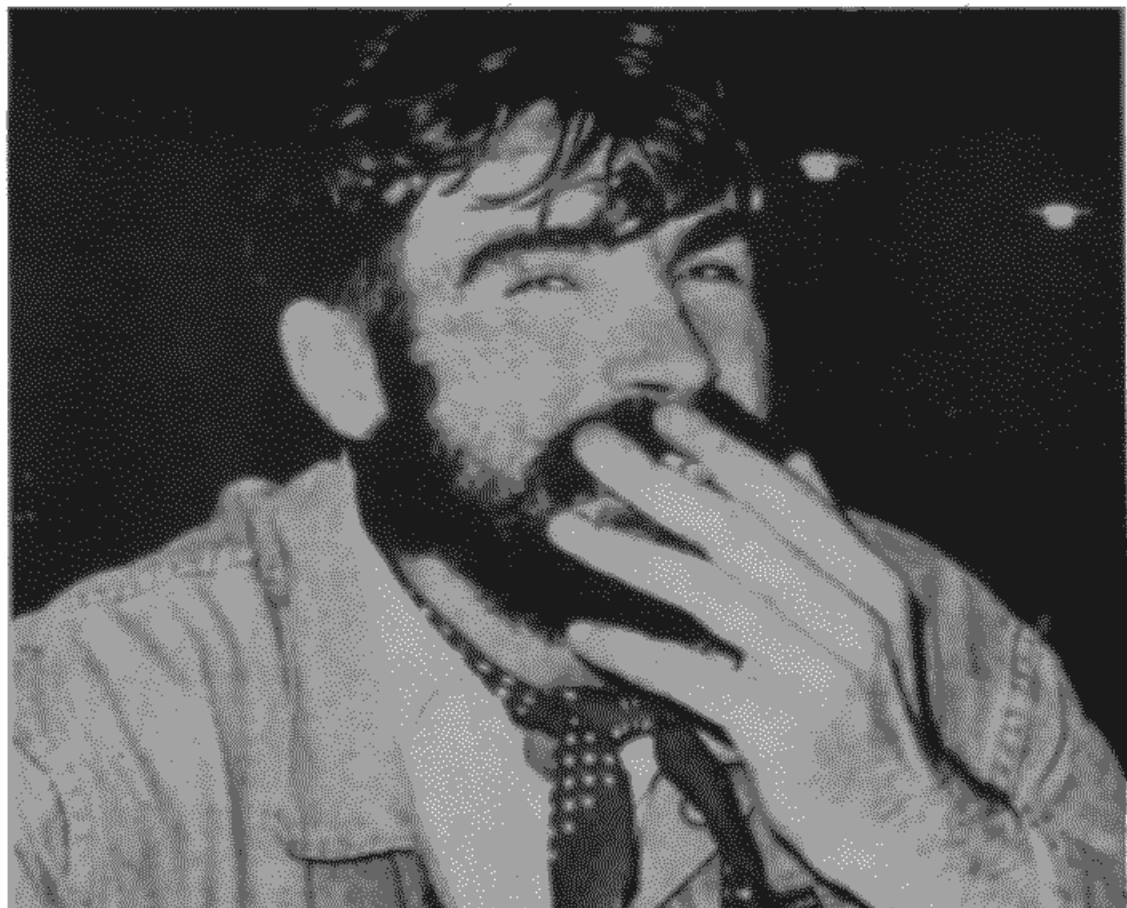
Overall, Waitangi Day, 1971, was literally a washout - most viewers adjourned to the hotel. But the demonstration itself achieved its purpose of creating a talking point about the treaty.

The Tamatoa Council, originally formed in December 1969, will continue to press for the idealistic clauses of its constitution. These are:-

1. To oppose all forms of racism.
2. To promote a more realistic understanding of the Maori by European society.
3. To promote positive inter-racial interaction
4. To fulfil the needs of the Maori people as means of improving New Zealand society.
5. To promote an interest in, and an understanding of, all that is useful and valuable in Maori culture both traditional and present day.

The means the Tamatoa council will adopt to have these goals implemented will be interesting to follow. Sister organisations are in the process of being set up in both Wellington and Christchurch, so that action can be taken on a more national basis. Those students at Victoria who are concerned about these issues, are welcome to hear the views to be expressed by members of the Tamatoa Council at the Otaki based seminar on 'Brown Power', on April 2-4.





KEN HERATY

BACKGROUND.

On 20 January of this year I was arrested on my way home from work on a naval warrant from Auckland. My arrest was a surprise to say the least. I had left HMS Llandaff some two and a half years earlier and was just beginning to relax.

It is coincidental that a flat I had been visiting a week or so earlier was busted. No arrests were made, but names were taken as a matter of routine.

It has been a matter of some conjecture, therefore, whether the drug squad, working on the assumption that there is a natural association between suspected drug users and criminal types cross referred the names at the Police station. I was assured that there was no connection and I believe the squad later went to great lengths to assure others.

After spending a night in Wellington Central during which I contacted a friend, who in turn contacted the VUW Students Association and started the ball rolling at that end, I was handed over to the NZ Naval Authorities and sent to Auckland and HMS Philomel.

At first, my treatment in Auckland was very liberal. No doubt I was something of a novelty. A navy 'deserter' (such an emotive word) with shoulder length hair, beads, and sandals was an object of some interest.

However, after a few days with numerous people trying to get in touch with me, Press queries, radio broadcasts, and student consultations with British High Commission, the NZ Navy became a little more restrictive. I no longer took my meals in the dining room, writing materials were only issued for writing a letter, and all outside information concerning me was kept shrouded by mystery. Only 3 of the people who tried to visit me, were able to do so: a lawyer and 2 friends during my stay.

On 29 January a friend visited. He was optimistic about the chances of my staying in the country (despite a threat by a senior officer of the vice squad to lodge objections to my staying made privately at Wellington Central) but wanted to know when I was scheduled to be flown out.

I had heard earlier it was to be either the 7th or the 9th or the 10th of Feb. on a service aircraft. The Senior rating present confirmed this, in the presence of a friend. At 9 a.m. on 1 Feb. at 2½ hours notice I was quietly flown out under escort to Singapore. So much for trusting the spoken word of the NZ Navy.

In Singapore I was handed over to the British Navy and held in the navy base.

My material treatment in the navy base was considerate and respectful. Personal sympathy was with me but, it was explained, justice would have to be done.

It was 10 days before I was finally sentenced. The deliberation over my case was considerably longer than the usual cut and dried offences. I was finally sentenced to 42 days detention and to be discharged from the navy, and charged the airfare from NZ to Singapore (\$325).

My sentence was backdated for reasons which were not explained, by 12 days. With 14 full days remission it ended on 2 March.

I believe the efforts of concerned students and others both inside and outside the university, and the general controversy that was created was instrumental in such leniency.

Military authorities are invariably sensitive to adverse publicity, and this issue was fast becoming political. The recruiting figures must be protected. During a conversation with an officer I was actually told there was no chance of my losing my remission.

TANGLIN - MILITARY CORRECTIVE TRAINING CENTRE.

The purpose of a military corrective training centre is, as the title suggests, for corrective rehabilitation training in the form of strict discipline. It is a reminder that this is how you are expected to behave, a bringing back into line of offenders by

direct, sustained assertion of authority. Introduction to this discipline is immediate. On entering you are issued with more gear, then, staggering under the load, you are marched away at 140 paces a minute which is the established marching pace. Talking is prohibited, except at meals, singing and whistling are not allowed, you must be respectful to staff, etc., etc., the list is endless.

The main cell block was a large two storied building with 20 rooms on each storey. The silent tenseness is enhanced by an almost clinical cleanliness which is strangely discordant in such an old building.

This is called Stage one. For long term prisoners, Stage 2 and possible Stage 3, where the facilities are more luxurious, 6 cigarettes a day are allowed as opposed to 2, as positive incentives for good behaviour. (In this atmosphere of military precision, not saying 'yes Sir' quick enough or daring to smile is a serious offence punishable by rationing of your food.)

Everything in the rooms had an allocated place. Bed layout, and the kit folded in the trunk provided, had to be meticulously sized in position. Boots and shoes were never polished highly enough, and there was a continuous striving for perfection. I had to polish my brown sandals black. Perfection was expected, anything less upbraided.

The daily routine was based upon the same regimentation and methodical precision, the very movements of each person designed for uniformity and automation.

From 6 a.m. until finally allowed an hour's reading at 8 p.m. before lights out you are systematically hounded, ridiculed, screamed at and generally pushed about; deliberately, and they maintain, objectively.

The objective claim is, of course highly debatable. There are 2 shifts of 4 sergeants, or equivalent ranks from the other services, with a sergeant-major in charge of each. All of these were military 'policemen'.

A job of that nature is bound to attract people who take a more personal interest in discipline than is actually required. It is a job where a person's own failings can be very successfully projected onto hapless victims with little means of defence. There were a couple of people on the staff who had definite leanings in this direction, and who made life barely tolerable for the offenders undergoing the sentence. The question that immediately arises is, what safeguards are there to insure that such positions are not filled by people with personality deviations of a sadistic or power-oriented nature?

MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

The psychology behind these disciplinary processes is not hard to fathom. The aim is for men to obey orders unquestioningly, and accept unreservedly the authority of the powers-that-be. That this is the general policy is without doubt. That such a policy is morally valid can be answered in terms of the war crimes tribunals, and the present case of Lt. William Calley.

Treatment of offenders is for the most part a straight-forward process. If found guilty of committing a particular overt act, punishment follows. Consideration of motives and underlying reasons is only in mitigation.

In such a system there is room only for black and white, for the immediately identifiable shades are not allowed. By this I mean you are only assessed in naval terms. You are either 'navy minded' in that you conform to the set pattern, or you are not. This is where the disciplinary structure is blind, insensitive and unthinking.

The non navy minded are square pegs in round holes, continually being hammered home in an attempt to fit.

The same rigid attitude is present in the process by which you can 'air your grievances'. At one stage during my detention I complained of not being allowed enough time to eat. The reasons for my complaint were more curiosity about the reaction and the process than the nature of the complaint.

We were paraded before a visiting officer, and had

to rattle off our name, number, length of sentence, and whether we had a complaint; standing rigidly at attention, eyes straight ahead, and beginning and ending with "Sir". I was the last in line and half a minute's tense silence followed my statement that I had a complaint - shades of Oliver Twist! - then I was marched briskly off to the Commandant's office, stamped to attention and delivered my complaint in the required formal militarised terms. After a rigorous grilling my complaint was found groundless.

He was right, there was no specified length of time for meals, you stayed until you finished. But, of course, you were simply made to feel very uncomfortable if you weren't finished by the time everyone else was, with the staff standing over you, arms folded, glaring and inspecting their watch every minute. All implicit but you got the message.

However, it was the manner in which complaints were aired I was interested in. The rigorous formality and cultivated sternness are very clever methods of deterring would-be complainants. The ordinary man in the street, from whom, without denigrating them, these men are largely drawn, has a marked aversion to the physical manifestations of the bureaucratic machine. They shrink from officialdom and will sacrifice a great deal to avoid it.

Many men who I spoke to - 'Military policemen' - are themselves sceptical of the 'old fashioned' discipline. They talk of detention in terms of necessitating discontinuity of service, the relative inefficiency of it, because it only creates cynicism, bitterness or indifference or all three. They talk of the disruption of family life for married men. This more or less comes down to one thing - economics. The financial upkeep of detention centres must be phenomenal. There were never more than 10 of us at any given time, and not many more for the past 18 months. For these men a full time staff of 30 odd is required, the average wage of whom would be about \$60 per week. If a system of fines was imposed it would serve the dual purpose, I believe, of acting as a greater and certainly more humane deterrent, and would allow for the recirculation of money already allocated. It would also reduce tremendous administration costs.

Pay earned is directly related to social life. The lives of most navy personnel fall distinctly into 2 categories, work and social life. If their pay is reduced by fines their social life is consequently curtailed. For the single man, this means much more than simply being broke. It means he must stay aboard ship.

That the present system makes for efficiency, I do not dispute - but at what cost to the men?

In this system there is an inconsistency between the projected role i.e. as men, and the disciplinary methods. Such things as extra work, stoppage of leave, attention focussed on standard of dress and military formality, are childish in their application and create conflict between role and status.

It is this discrepancy between the way they are treated and the way they are supposed to act that leads to gross irresponsibility in these men. Irresponsibility to themselves, and to their surroundings. Although manifested as a carefree, easy-going attitude, it is, beneath the surface, ignorance of themselves, and of their relation to society. There exists alarming unawareness of wider social issues; of political situations that directly affect their lives, of moral issues inherent in Armed forces.

It is not for nothing that interest in current affairs outside the narrow confines of naval life is discouraged, however subtly - even hobbies and handicrafts are rare.

Their lives, feelings and relationships are simple. They are well used to imposed authority and external discipline.

This makes these men particularly vulnerable as a group to manipulation and exploitation. They accept the values thrust upon them by an institution. It is this exploitation and sacrificing of human dignity to Military and political function, that is deplorable, and that should be thoroughly investigated.



**JOHN LENNON and YOKO ONO talk to Robin Blackburn and Tariq Ali
about art, psychoanalysis and revolution in an extract from
a long interview in March 8th issue of the paper 'Red Mole.'**

Your latest record, 'Power to the People,' and your recent public statements suggest that your views are becoming increasingly radical and political. When did this start to happen?

I've always been politically minded, you know, and against the status quo. It's pretty basic when you're brought up, as I was, to hate and fear the police as a natural enemy and to despise the army as something that takes everybody away and leaves them dead somewhere. I mean, it's just a basic working-class thing, though it begins to wear off when you get older, get a family and get swallowed up in the system.

I've never NOT been political, though religion tended to over-shadow it in my acid days, that would be around 1965 or 1966. Religion was directly the result of all that superstar crap, religion was an outlet for my repression. I thought, 'Well there's something else to life isn't there? This isn't it, surely?'

I've been satirising the system since my childhood. I used to write magazines in school and hand them round. I was very conscious of class, they would say with a chip on my shoulder - but in the hurricane Beatle world it got left out. I got farther away from reality for a time.

What was the reason for the success of your music?

Well, at the time it was thought that the workers had broken through, but I realise in retrospect that it's the same phoney deal they gave the blacks; it was just like they allowed blacks to be runners or boxers or entertainers. That's the choice they allow you - now the outlet is being a pop star, which is really what I'm saying in 'Working Class Hero.'

It's the same people who have the power. The class system didn't change one little bit. Of course there are a lot of people walking around with long hair now and some trendy middle-class kids in pretty clothes. But nothing changed except that we all dressed up a bit.

When did you start breaking out of the role imposed on you as a Beatle?

Even during the Beatle heyday I tried to go against it. So did George Harrison. We went to America a few times and Brian Epstein (the Beatles' late manager) always tried to waffle on at us to say nothing about Vietnam. So there came a time when George and I said: 'Listen, when they ask next time, we're going to say we don't like that war and we think they should get right out.' That's what we did. At that time this was a pretty radical thing to do, especially for the Fab Four.

It's pretty hard when you are Caesar and everyone is saying how wonderful you are and they are giving you all the goodies and the girls, it's pretty hard to break out of that, to say, 'Well, I don't want to be king, I want to be real.'

As someone from the working class, I was always interested in Russia and China and everything that related to the working class, even though I was playing the capitalist game. At one time I used to go around calling myself a Christian Communist, but as

Janov says, religion is legalised madness. It was therapy that stripped away all that and made me feel my own pain.

Who was this analyst you went to?

Janov. His thing is to feel the pain that's accumulated inside you ever since your childhood. I had to do it to kill off all the religious myths. It's the result of your parents and your environment. Janov doesn't just talk to you about this, but makes you feel it - once you've allowed yourself to feel again, you do most of the work yourself. When you wake up and your heart is going like the clappers or your back feels strained, or you develop some other hang-up, you should let your mind go to the pain and the pain itself will regurgitate the memory which originally caused you to suppress it in your body. In this way pain goes to the right channel instead of being repressed again, as it is if you take a pill or a bath, saying 'Well, I'll get over it.'

For me, at any rate, it was all part of dissolving the God-trip or father-figure trip. Facing up to reality instead of always looking for some kind of heaven.

My father and mother split and I never saw my father until I was 20, nor much more of my mother. But Yoko had her parents there and it was the same...

Yoko: Perhaps one feels more pain when parents are there. It's like when you're hungry you know it's worse to get a symbol of a cheeseburger than no cheeseburger at all. I often wish my mother had died so that at least I could get some people's sympathy. But there she was, a perfectly beautiful mother.

Lennon: I think middle-class people have the biggest trauma if they have nice imagey parents, all smiling and dolled up. They are the ones who have the biggest struggle to say, 'Goodbye, mummy, goodbye, daddy.'

A lot of Beatle songs used to be about childhood....

Yes, that would mostly be me....

Though they were very good, there was always a missing element....

That would be reality, that was the missing element. Because I was never really wanted. The only reason I am a star is because of my repressions. The only reason I went for that goal is that I wanted to say: 'Now, mummy, will you love me?'

But then you had success beyond most people's wildest dreams.

It was complete oppression. I mean, we had to go through humiliation upon humiliation with the middle classes and showbiz and lord mayors and all that. They were so condescending and stupid. Everybody trying to use us. It was a special humiliation for me because I could never keep my mouth shut and I'd always have to be drunk or pilled to counteract this pressure.

It was very miserable - apart from the first flush of making it, the thrill of the first Number One record, the first trip to America. At first we had some sort of objective, like being as big as Elvis - moving forward was the great thing, but actually attaining it was the big let-down. I found I was having continually to

please the sort of people I'd always hated when I was a child. This began to bring me back to reality.

Your album, Yoko, seems to demand an aesthetic measure of everyday life, suing art to make people face up to themselves.

Yoko: Exactly, I want to incite people to loosen their oppression by giving them something to work with, to build on. They shouldn't be frightened of creating themselves - that's why I make things very open, with things for people to do, like in my book 'Grapefruit.'

Politics and culture are linked up aren't they? I mean, workers are repressed by culture not guns at the moment.

Lennon:... they're doped.

And the culture that's doping them is one the artist can help make or break...

Lennon: That's why I'm trying to do in my albums and these interviews - to influence all the people I can influence. All those who are still under the dream, and just put a big question mark in their mind. The acid dream is over, that is what I'm trying to tell them...

It seems to me that the students are now half-awake enough to try and wake up their brother workers. If you don't pass on your own awareness then it closes down again. That is why the basic need is for the students to get in with the workers and convince them they are not talking gobbledegook. And of course it's difficult to know what the workers are really thinking because the capitalist Press only quotes mouthpieces like Vic Feather anyway.

Women are very important too. We can't have a revolution that doesn't involve and liberate women. It's so subtle the way you're taught male superiority. It took me quite a long time to realise that my maleness was cutting off certain areas for Yoko. She's a red hot liberationist and was quick to show me where I was going wrong, even though it seemed to me that I was just acting naturally. That's why I'm always interested to know how people who claim to be radical treat women.

How do you think we can destroy the capitalist system here in Britain?

I think we must make the workers aware of the really unhappy position they are in, break the dream they are surrounded by. They think they are in a wonderful, free-speaking country, they've got cars and tellies and they don't want to think there's anything more to life, they are prepared to let the bosses run them, to see their children f...d up in school. They're dreaming someone else's dream, it's not even their own. They should realise that the blacks and the Irish are being harassed and repressed and that they will be next. As soon as they start being aware of all that we can really begin to do something. The workers can start to take over.

But we'd also have to infiltrate the army, too, because they are well trained to kill us all. We've got to start all this from where we ourselves are oppressed. I think it's false, shallow, to be giving to others when your own need is great.

The idea is not to comfort people, not to make them feel better, but to make them feel worse, to put before them constantly the degradations and humiliations they go through to get what they call a living wage.

BRIDGE

The last hand we put before our expert panel must have been a little too easy, as all the panel were in substantial agreement. John Jowett, Simon Arnold, Charlie Quayle and Ross Quayle all agreed to bid five diamonds in the following rubber bridge situation, with E-W vulnerable.

W	N	E	S
K Q X X	1H	—	2D
A K X X X	2S	—	4D
D	?		
K X X			

They all saw East as having at least six diamonds to KQ10 and an outside ace, and thought five diamonds a good gamble.

Chas. Flude suggested a Blackwood 4NT, intending to pass 5D and bid the slam over 5H. However, this week the expert panel will be back to its normal happy, argumentative mood discussing what to bid at rubber bridge in the following auction (if S.A. doesn't want to put in any stupid advertisements instead).

W	N	E	S	N-S vul.
1S	No	%		
East has		S: X X		
		H: A X X X		
		D: A Q J X X X		
		C: X		

If you are still wondering what to bid on

S: —
H: A K Q
D: A K Q
C: Q J 10 9 8 4 3

When partner bids 5S, the answer is 7 clubs. Ha - ha - ha.

When this hand was played, in response to an anxious query from partner, West announced that it was merely a question of overtricks, and went one down. He let the lead of the nine of spades run up to his queen, went over to the king of clubs to lead the nine of diamonds. It was quite amusing to see the expression on his face when North won with the king. A spade lead now through his king, ten puts him down at once. It takes either a good deal of card sense or a previous encounter with the situation, I think, to put up the king of spades on the first trick. South must win with the ace, and now he must switch, unless he cares to lead away from his jack. Either way gives you protection in spades when the diamond finesse loses. (If it wins, of course, your contract is iced.)

Anyway declarer was let off the hook because North, not having a spade left, led a club. West took South's jack with his ace and thought for a while. They heart finesse was wrong of course. Anyway, there was no harm in running the diamonds, to see what happened. On the four diamonds South played two spades, a small club, and the queen of clubs. West now redeemed himself by throwing South in. Knowing that good players sometimes bare kings in this situation he played the ace and a small heart, South playing the king. Unfortunately, after taking his ace of spades, South was able to get the lead with a small club, and North took the last two club tricks.

Of course, it was clever of South to discard the queen of clubs. Had he not done so, the contract would have made. But even so, declarer made a mistake. The reason West went down was because South had a small club left to lead to partner. Had West held off the second club trick he would have made his contract. It would perhaps be a bit much to expect him to foresee the play exactly, but as a general rule, before you put the pressure on with a long suit, lose as many tricks as you safely can. From South's point of view, every trick his side takes before you run your diamonds hurts as much as an extra diamond.

Being short of space I leave you to work out the play after West has ducked the jack of clubs. The elegance of the endgame makes it well worth the trouble.

The actual hands were

N	S
9	A J X X X X
J X X X	K X
K X X X	X
10 X X X	Q J X X

but the contract makes against any distribution consistent with bidding and play.

W	E	The bidding
S: Q X X	S: K 10 X	W N E S
H: X X	H: A Q X X X	— — — 1S
D: A Q 10 X X	D: J 9 X	2D No 2H No
C: A X X	C: K X	2NT No 3NT No

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FILM

m. heath



The Death of Cable Hogue: Jason Robards Jr., Stella Stevens, David Warner, and Strother Martin, in Sam Peckinpah's *The Ballad of Cable Hogue* (Warner Bros.) at the Cinerama.

Cable Hogue's purposeful religion is direct and efficacious. Peckinpah is seeking a miraculous combine of duodenal grace, in a film that is wondrously based on triple experiences: Cable Hogue's third prayer which brings forth a spring at his feet among the arid wastes, followed by a downpour; his three companions, the self-professed minister (David Warner), his lovely, lovely lady Hildy (Stella Stevens); his failed attempts to climb onto a moving horse, and the confrontation with the motor vehicle which finally runs over him (by divine providence?) and so ends his long existence.

Made shortly after *The Wild Bunch*, in 1969 (believe it or not, I wrote in *Salient* late '68, from Sydney, that Peckinpah was due to arrive for location work!) and filmed where it seems no other camera had been before, *The Ballad of Cable Hogue* is the most peaceful and beautiful of all Peckinpah's films, and recalls more often than not *Guns In the Afternoon*.

He cannot make a film that could be substandard, slow, empty, disinterested (like so many other people I could mention): the very nature of Cable Hogue's visual quietude, its representation of the original golden west, pale days, and keep blue nights, seems to suggest that Lucien Ballard (cinematographer in every sense of the word), Cable Hogue, and Peckinpah are the holy trilogy. I have just begun to notice the sentimental way in which scenes are unfolded with a leisurely, unhurried pace.

The stopping of the coach, a sequence which is usually dispensed with due to the fact that stage coaches are usually in a hurry, carrying gold, mail, people, etc., in Peckinpah's film is turned into a little farcical subplot: Hogue's story of how he was set upon and left stranded in the desert and found an underground stream, Slim Pickens draws away on the whiskey, one of the drivers gets down and urinates profusely, a cameo from the remarkably ignored Kathleen Freeman peeping from inside the coach, Hogue drinking the golden whiskey, the coach lurches off, the luggage falls at Hogue's feet!

There is a timelessness in all events: Hogue starts to build a shack, his spring is now a waterhole where people may drink from it for a small fee (the first is shot because he did not pay up), he stakes his claim in the town, he is attracted to a young girl, argues, gets a potty thrown at him from a great height, and seeks solace with the lecherous young minister. They begin to build, horsing around in their long-johns, suggesting Randolph Scott in his pinkies years ago.

Hildy arrives on horse to live with Hogue. The two men when together have to sleep outside, but in one of the most breathtaking scenes in all of Peckinpah's films, night falls, and through an archway in the shack on the horizon, a gigantic rock structure glows, and Hildy appears golden in the doorway, the last rays of the sun, an aura around her. Hogue thinks, breathlessly, it is a picture. There is a charming song "Butterly Mornin'" which flits off their lips as if dialogue could not express their love.

In the middle of the night, the butterfly Hildy in white flutters to retrieve Hogue from the dark, and take him into his shack justified.

Many years later when Hogue has made revenge on the scavengers, in a snake pit, shot one, and made a

passionate statement on the other's life (Strother Martin perfectly suppliant) Hildy returns in a motorcar driven by a negro chauffeur, elegantly dressed in green frock and hat. Hogue is so overjoyed by this magical apparition. Hildy has come to take him away, but in trying to stop the runaway car from Strother Martin, is run over pathetically, and is carted on his old brass bed into the open for the last time.

The minister arrives like a bat out of hell in his noisy motor-scooter, a mock burial is conducted, for Hogue wants a fine funeral - he knows he is dying.

Quickly, the faintly humorous becomes mute tragedy, as Hogue is lowered into the ground. It is dark, people disperse into the night.

Jason Robards Jr as the gently mocking Hogue breathes in the sainted dusty air, one of his greatest performances; Stella Stevens, frail and warm, so far removed from her other rare appearances, and David Warner, who can cope with any role given him, it seems, is an absolute delight. Jerry Goldsmith's score, with two vocalisations, is one of his most discreet, and there are so many people who have missed this film, for some reason only known to them. Putting Butch Cassidy on the advertising is a sick and untrue method of drawing in an audience who are obviously after a western (which this film is not). The censor/s have deleted one minute from this film. If anyone can inform me WHAT, I should be very grateful.

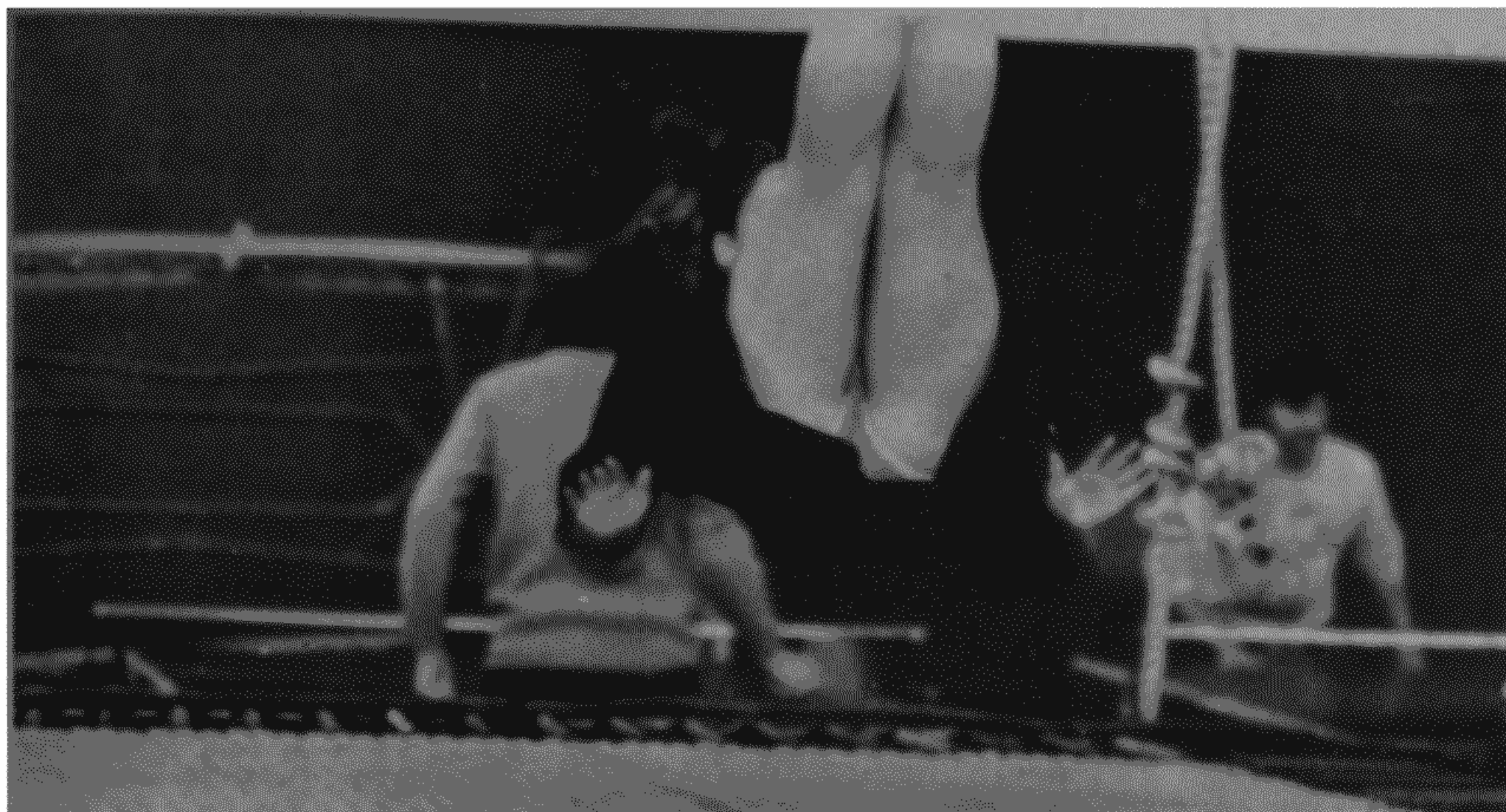
We can assume now that whatever certificate a film is given, it will always be cut: if Cable Hogue had been restricted (it received an "R" rating in America, i.e. equal to *Boys In The Band*!! Work that out!) would it still have been cut? Would more people have seen it, if it was restricted? Name an R 18 western?

Whether a film is of such honesty and truth as Cable Hogue or some dirty cheap thriller, they are all treated the same. The censor/s obviously couldn't care less. For them it's a job: "an interpretation of the law, by which they're governed."

For me it's a bloody pain!

Meanwhile something has crawled out of da tele: In David Frost's programme on Fear (Sat, March 13), with Mr. Hitchcock in the chair, the shower scene from *Psycho* was shown in its obviously original version. It proves that the Censor/s had indeed reduced the NZ version. The frame-structure in the Truffaut book gives many that weren't in either versions; which, then is the original? On TV we saw more flesh than we did in the cinema, early '60's. Mr. Seymour Robbie, who directed the Joe Namath/Ann Margret vehicle C.C. (Ryder) & Co. which has been reported by many notable informants as being banned (it has NOT according to the Censor's register) was responsible for one of the episodes of the likeable Bill Cosby show.

Two indispositions, Stuart Hagman's *The Strawberry Statement*, for many a film long awaited (despite three minutes missing!) has been held up. With what's been going on with our friends The Appeal Board lately, there may be a few surprises ahead. For the good! Kazan's *The Arrangement*, has also been displaced by Mr. Vic Morrow for an indefinite period; please watch for it.



GYMNASTIC AND TRAMPOLINE CLUB.

Exercise for enjoyment is the emphasis this year, with the accent on creative and interesting exercise rather than strict competition standards.

The aim is to attract those who, though not of competition standard, wish to carry on their interest at a level suited to themselves.

Rhythmical movement adapted to suit individual tastes, and acrobatics, are envisaged for our "Gentle Gymnastics". Those interested in the Incentive Award scheme will be catered for as well as those interested in nothing more than a mild tumble on the mat or a jump on the tramp.

Gymnastics and trampolining are included in the Winter Tournament where these activities run somewhat differently from International Competition (needless to say, not so strict or so talented).

The main aim of the gym club is to enable those who want variety and interest in their exercise and who are not far enough advanced to continue their gymnastics in clubs outside varsity, to do their thing at university.

The club meets every Monday night at five; an organized "warm up" is proposed after which is an hour of concentrated activity (of a mild kind). Then from six until seven, the gym is free for those who want to continue with individual activities.

VIC. SWORDS CLUB

The sport of fencing is extremely energetic, if not exhausting and requires the strength of Henry Morgan, the finesse of Scaramouche, and the bravado of Douglas Fairbanks, not to mention the cunning of Chauvelin; all in all a challenge to the average, lethargic, slow-witted student.

Vic. Swords Club can claim to uphold the highest traditions of the sport. Our record of achievement in the competitive field is remarkable, if not incredible. We were one of the few sports from Victoria to win any points at Winter Tournament last year (we won the fencing hands down). The New Zealand Universities team was liberally peppered with Vic. representatives, and we managed to secure three blues in the 1970 Victoria University Blues' list. Two of our former members represented New Zealand in the

Empire Games last year. We are, in fact, unbelievably good!

This year, as in the past, a good muster of beginners attended our first club meeting. They will receive individual (probably highly individual) tuition from senior club members and can soon expect to be wielding a sword with the best of them. Those who have not yet experienced the thrill of screaming down the piste with foil aimed at the heart of their hapless opponent, are welcome to come along to the Club meetings at the Varsity Gym on Wednesday nights at 8.00pm to try their hand.

A heavy tournament programme is scheduled for this year, starting with the Wellington Provincial Teams' Tournament to be held in the Gym on 3rd and 4th April. Those who do not delight in living or dying by the sword are encouraged to come and cheer for Vic. Swords, who will probably be entering two teams in each of the events - men's and women's foil (separate events for obvious reasons), e'pee and sabre.

The social life of the club is interesting and varied. You may find yourself taking part in such wide-ranging activities as bottle drives, toga parties, barbecues and slap-up dinners at the Student Union.

A parting note - if you feel you won't make it to the end of the year, just remember that joining Victoria Swords is one of the approved methods of incapacitating yourself for final exams!

(thanks to Sue Norris)



Typical tararua camp.

TRAMPING CLUB

"V.U.W.T.C. goes everywhere" was an entry in a hut log book recently, and if you want to get out and about in the more remote, desolate and beautiful parts of N.Z. then the V.U.W.T.C. is the club to belong to. Last year all the National parks were visited as well as many other areas, and this year promises to be no exception.

Conceived in 1921, the club has flourished and those who can add will realise that it is now in its jubilee year. Preparations are under way to make it a shit-hot celebration and already a couple

of trips have been run to trace out a 50 in the Tararuas to publicise the event. A jubilee dinner is to be held on the 1st May followed by a day tramp in the Orongorongos on the Sunday for past and present members.

This year the club has over 100 financial members and so far has fielded at least 40 members on each weekend trip. The Tararuas are the club's main playground during term time and trips ranging from day trips, easy weekend social trips to F.E. trips, are run to cater for all standards of fitness and debauchery. Easter, study week and other holidays see trips away to areas such as the Urewera, Mt. Cook, Aspiring, West Coast pubs, etc., and these are always enjoyable events.

The club caters for those who haven't tramped much before by running a bushcraft course each year and for those who aspire to the "harder" stuff, rockclimbing and snowcraft instruction is given. These courses are not only fantastic fun but essential for safe trips into the Southern Alps and other similar areas. Speculation is rife in the club that as a result of these courses an attempt is to be made on the last mountaineering bastion in N.Z., namely a grand traverse of Mts Easterfield, Kirk, and Hunter.

However basically the club caters for the ordinary down to earth trumper who enjoys wandering the hills at a not too strenuous pace, even though V.U.W.T.C. Wharry Keyes did carry off the honours in the recent marathon tramp.

Socially, the club is out of this world with activities ranging from the annual hut bash, which is really a spewing affair, to mundane things such as the odd bottle around the fireplace. If you're an unsociable crint a weekend out with club members will change that hang-up drastically due to the very nature of tramping.

As the V.U.W.T.C. is going to be a shit-hot club to belong to this year those of you who are not turned off by this rample can join up at any club evening or contact: Noel, Wharry, Colonel or Stink at 554-438.



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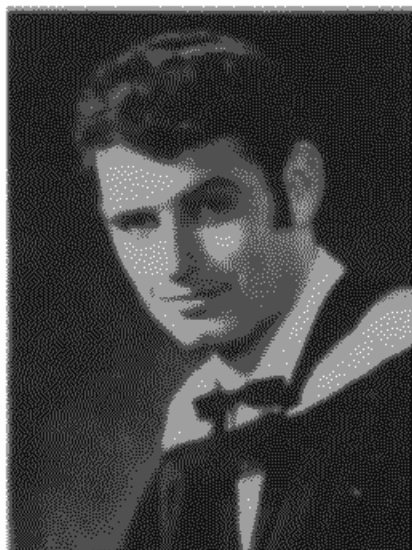
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JUDO CLUB.

Judo is not, as many bar-room experts believe, an age old form of self defense. The Art is in fact, a sport designed by Dr. Jigaro Kano from the rudiments of the 18 Japanese Martial Arts or Fighting Techniques, which include such arts as Karate, Kendo (stick fighting), Iai (stick v sword) Samurai Sword, Jui-Jitsu (self defense), Aikido (self defense), and Sumo wrestling.

The principles of these arts were used to perfect this sport where skill is used to beat brute strength. In fact the Japanese word Judo is translated as "the Gentle Way". Because of the sporting nature of Judo the aim of training is not to win higher belts but to win contests. A judo contest must be something of an experience a' its own - one reaches a height of nervousness before thought unattainable. The contest lasts 3 minutes or until the first point. Points can be achieved by a perfect throw, immobilization on the ground of the opponent for 30 seconds, submission to an armlock or strangle.

Of Judo techniques the throws are the most publicised. These fall into four categories, foot, hip, shoulder and sacrifice techniques. The first three use that part of the body as a fulcrum to pivot the opponent to the mat. The sacrifice throw is named because the thrower sacrifices his upright position to shoot his opponent over the top. Sacrifice throws can generally be summed up as the sickening commercial stuff James Bond does. Grappling techniques require a great amount of skill in using body weights to advantage. Arm locks are self-explanatory. Strangles however bear a little thought. A judo strangle cuts off the carotid arteries, i.e. no blood for the brain hence there is the maxim - 3 secs out 10 secs dead - and that is a conservative estimate.

Gradings are also red letter days in the life of the judoka. Usually blood red. A grading is an exam to see if one qualifies for a higher grade. The belt order is the learner (Kym) grades of beginner, white, yellow, orange, green, blue, and brown and the master (dan) grades of black.

The black belt is worn for the grades 1st-6th dan, white and red for 7th and 8th and pink for 9th and 10th. The highest in the world at the present moment is a Japanese gentleman with a ninth dan and the highest grade ever reached by a non Japanese has been a 7th dan. The highest in N.Z. is a 3rd dan.

The Vic Judo club is at the moment at a strong level with a dozen or so graded members including Neil Christie, blue belt; Ces Lashlie, Heather Saville, women's green belt; Bob Coad, Gerry Thompson, Kelvin Ratman, Dave Howden, Christine Hardie, orange belt; Murray Hill, Steve Wilcox, yellow belt. Along with the numerous white belts and beginners the club promises a good performance at tournament this year, by which time there should have been a grading.

The club is instructed by a black belt from the city and the club blue belt on Wednesday, the main club night, and training is conducted by orange belts on Monday night on the club's own mats in the basement of the Gym.

RUGBY.

On Saturday 20th March, Senior 1st and Senior 2nd squads travelled to Fielding to play games against Feilding Old Boys. The firsts went down 8-6 while the seconds won 14-3. In the latter game a lively constructive pack ably led by P. Churchouse ensured that a nippy back line received enough ball to show its paces and the performance of all players, while far from ideal, must have been encouraging to the Senior 2nd selectors. During the 2, 20 minute spells he played at Hooker, Boswell struck with regularity in taking the tighthead count 7 to 1. His all-round forward play was a contributing factor in the good ball astutely used by half-back B. Brown. Smith and James were strong intelligent props who were never far from the ball throughout the game. Orgias and Shirley toiled manfully throughout 4 spells played in temperatures exceeding 90 degrees, while Churchouse was an admirable loose forward. The form of

Chapman and Maurice, who each had 2 spells on the flank, will cause some selectorial head-scratching. Burgess at No.8 produced the tight-loose play so invaluable to any University pack but which all too often is conspicuous only by its absence, and Hill who played 2, 20 minute spells caught the eye with good supporting play. He also had one spell in the Senior First game where he was far from being the least effective member of a strong, experienced pack. Mabin in his 2 spells as hooker showed that there will be keen competition for hooking berths.

In the backs B. Brown teamed well with D. Broadmore at 1st 5/8, and the latter is rapidly showing signs of fulfilling the earlier promise of a few years ago. At 2nd 5/8 Kennedy ensured that the three-quarters were given every opportunity to show their ability and he set Mabin up for a good try with clever play. McPahil was intelligent during his spells at 2nd 5/8 and Blake at centre showed he may well be a solution to the club's midfield back problems. Delaney strove hard while on the wing Burton showed real class and Courtney-O'Connor scored a good try in typical determined fashion. He also reacted sensibly in an ugly incident which was totally unwarranted. At fullback Grayson showed he will be a welcome acquisition to the Senior ranks (here is a gifted footballer), while M. Brown produced characteristic courage and competence and must have strengthened his claims. For the 2nds tries were scored by Burton (2), Courtney-O'Connor and Mabin with Brown kicking a conversion.

In the Firsts game a new and somewhat inexperienced backline (apart from the experienced D. Hogg) was unable to complement the 2nd half efforts of an experienced pack. The solid front row of McDonald, Barrett and Sharp gave nothing away while good support came from Toney and Gibbons at lock. Kirkby was a shrewd operator on the side of the scrum while the other flankers, White and Hill, performed well. Lookman gained a lot of lineout ball and generally acquitted himself well at No.8.

Hogg at halfback did his best to ensure the forwards' efforts were rewarded and his work around the short side of the scrum was very good. Of the other backs perhaps it is perhaps best to rely on coach Mick Bremner's comment, "It is early days yet and this will not do them any harm." Mick and his assistant Tony Timms have a lot of work to do in terms of team building in the back-line but they can take comfort from the fact that Varsity always has a good supply of intelligent footballers available.

Overall it was probably disappointing to see the absence of constructive forward drills from such experienced players, but Mick Bremner and Kerry McDonald will already have taken action in this regard. For the Firsts, Isaac scored a try and kicked a penalty.

